

Dress Up

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11299569) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11299569>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	#JustFuckMeUp , Crossdressing , Crossdressing Kink , Frottage , Mutual Masturbation , On the Run , Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb , Hannibal in a dress , Will discovers a thing or two about himself , Fluff and Smut , Fluff and Humor , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , these two are so in love , do not copy to another site
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive Challenges
Collections:	#JustFuckMeUp2
Stats:	Published: 2017-06-25 Words: 5,930 Chapters: 1/1

Dress Up

by [DrJLecter](#)

Summary

Having to find new clothes while on the run is often complicated, so when the choice is between a dress or going naked there is only one thing to do. Hannibal doesn't mind all that much and Will realizes once again that he doesn't know himself as well as he thought when he is with this infuriating man.

Notes

So this is exceptionally late for the second Just Fuck Me Up kink fest for the Hannibal Create-Ive and not as kinky as I would have liked, but these two saps just wanted something soft and fluffy.

A million thanks once again to Llew for the wonderful beta job :3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Translation into Русский available: [Приоденься](#) by [SnakeCorps](#)

Will couldn't help the laugh bubbling out of his chest as he slammed the door behind himself and Hannibal. The whole situation was ridiculous and he bowed over, hands on his knees as he gasped for breath between laughs as a tear ran down his cheeks.

Straightening up, he leaned back against the door and wiped the tears of laughter, that wide grin still on his face. He took in Hannibal's state and laughed again. The man's clothes were ripped in several places, dirty and bloody, hair a mess, and he looked as if Mason Verger had gotten his hands on him a second time. His face was lit up by a smile of pure joy and Will's heart missed a beat.

"We should find more innocuous clothes and hope to make a smoother escape back to the marina." His voice was so entirely fond and warm, as if the whole experience of getting chased through several miles of neighborhoods, backyards and gardens was his preferred way of spending his vacation. It probably was as long as he was chased with Will.

Will snorted at that.

"I'd say you're right." He pushed himself away from the door, still smiling. His cheek had started to ache about half an hour ago with the constant strain on his face.

With a quick glance through the hallway and the rooms he could see, he decided to try his luck upstairs where the bedrooms most likely would be located. The mother and her kids had left a few minutes ago while they had been hidden in the bushes, kneeling next to each other, shoulders touching, catching their breaths.

He climbed the first steps, brushing his hand against Hannibal's shoulder before picking up the speed and jumping up several steps at once. He relished in the ache of his muscles, the twinge of old injuries and the burn in his lungs. He felt alive, so very much alive.

He looked into the first room and found a child's decor, probably a girl going by the horrible amount of pink from floor to ceiling. The next room was a library and office room. Will noted the impressive collection of books and he suspected Hannibal's would look much the same in a few years if they managed to stay undetected. The thought made him smile again.

There was a mirror in the hallway and on his way to the next rooms he glanced into it, seeing that he was slightly better off than Hannibal. His pants were intact, but his shirt was ripped. A smear of blood decorated his forehead and his curls were a mess. More than usual. His eyes were shining with mirth and if he'd be prone to Hannibal's bloomy prose he'd say he was glowing with health and happiness.

He shook his head and went further down the hallway. Muted steps alerted him to the fact that Hannibal also came up the stairs now, probably having discovered nothing of use on the lower floor.

Will entered a room that seemed to belong to the parents and with quick steps he went to the wardrobe. They should hurry as the local police would be combing through every house on

their way and eventually they would knock on the door to this house and see the signs of someone having tampered with the lock.

His face fell when he opened the wardrobe though. The mother seemed to be a single parent because all the clothes were clearly those of a woman. No signs of suits or button downs. Will sighed and looked through some drawers until he found some knitted sweaters. Not the best option for the heat that baked the streets outside, but better than the bloody ripped shirt hanging off his frame.

He found one of an unremarkable brown color with a teddy bear and glittery bits on its front. He guessed it could have been worse. Will eased out of his shirt carefully, hissing at the sting of one of the deeper scratches on his arm. Fucking rose bushes.

The sweater was a good fit as the woman had been on the larger side and this was one of the few times Will was glad to be of a smaller build. He went to the bathroom next to wash the blood off his face and hands. For a moment he looked at his reflection and wondered how his life had gotten to this. A mad chase, running from the police in a foreign country because he thought it was better to punch the asshole in the face instead of just ducking his head and ignoring it.

The resulting bloodshed had been *fun* and it had been glorious to see Hannibal jumping right into it, wielding his knife.

Will looked down at his bruised knuckles and marveled on how far he'd come since the last time he'd had his knuckles bruised in a fight.

A soft knock on the door brought him out of his reverie. Hannibal stood in the door, still in his bloody and torn clothes. Amusement shone in his eyes as he saw Will's new sweater.

"Would you keep an eye on the streets until I find suitable clothing?"

Will smirked and nodded as he dried his hands and then brushed past Hannibal out of the bathroom, his steps light and almost elated. He could feel Hannibal's eyes on his back like a physical touch as the man categorized every small thing about Will's behavior, about *everything*.

Will took a deep breath when he rounded the corner and stepped down the hallway. Being in Hannibal's focus was like standing under a dozen spotlights, bright and warm and sometimes scalding hot.

He kept an eye out of the window while looking through the front room and kitchen. With a swift glance, he knew most of what there was to know about the mother and her two children. Divorced, stalking ex-husband, barely getting by to keep the house, but hard-working and a good example for her kids.

Will wished they wouldn't have to steal from them, but he was sure she could spare a few clothes for them. The moment he heard Hannibal come down the stairs, he realized that technically nothing in that closet would fit Hannibal. The man was far broader than Will and he'd barely found something to fit.

Curiosity drove him out of the kitchen where he'd looked out of the window to go back to the hallway.

To say his jaw dropped and hit the floor would have been an understatement.

Hannibal was wearing a *dress*. Soft black material wrapped around his body like a scarf, hugging his form from his knees upwards, around his tapered hips up to his broad chest and strong shoulders in several layers. A deep V down to the valley between his prominent pecks allowed a perfect view of his curly grey chest hair. His sharp collarbones stood out like knives framed by soft black fabric and the material hugged his arms like a second skin. His biceps was outlined clearly, showing how much strength Hannibal possessed, while his wrists looked almost fragile and thin. Will felt the urge to walk up to him and take his hand to press a gentle kiss to the back.

Will let his gaze roam over Hannibal's body, from his bare feet, *dancer's feet*, slim and accentuated by prominent veins up to strong calves and bony knees, covered in soft hair. Muscled but wiry thighs showed before the material covered them. There was a small bump where his stomach pushed out and Will felt another urge, this time to press his palms to it, to stroke over his belly in soft and gentle circles.

He realized after an embarrassingly long time that Hannibal had stopped walking mid-staircase, one hand placed on the handrail almost delicately, while his hip was cocked to one side. It didn't look weird or wrong or forced. It looked as if Hannibal had worn dresses like this all his life and felt absolutely comfortable in them while he let people stare at him.

Will swallowed drily and wished there would be words in his head.

He finally tore his gaze away from the dress and looked up to Hannibal's face. His hair fell loose over his forehead, giving the last touch to the feminine appearance. He looked amused and triumphant, eyes shining with barely concealed mirth.

Of course he would find this funny. It had been a while since he'd rendered Will speechless.

Will tried to compose himself, so he turned around and walked towards the door.

"We should leave. You think you can run like this?" He was embarrassed to realize his voice sounded rough and breathless.

"Of course," Will jumped when Hannibal appeared right next to him without a sound. "It lets me move more freely than my suits."

Will flushed crimson when Hannibal's arm brushed against him, a scalding touch through his sweater as if it were a hot iron. He took a deep breath and the scent of something floral and soft invaded his nose. Will almost let a weak sound escape his throat. *Fuck*.

"Will?"

The bastard was enjoying this and Will wanted to curse.

“Let’s go,” he croaked and forced his legs to move. It must be the receding adrenaline that left his knees shaky.

The way back to their boat was uneventful apart from the fact that Will was hyperaware of Hannibal’s presence in a way he hadn’t been since the first months of their escape after the cliff. No matter if Hannibal was behind him, next to him, or in front of him; Will’s complete attention and focus was on the man wearing the dress and how he moved in it, how the fabric sat on his body and adjusted to his every move.

They made their way through the backyards and gardens, ducking, sprinting, cowering and all Will could do was *stare*. He stared at Hannibal’s legs, his hips, his back and how his muscles showed through the delicate material. Will had no idea, if he was imagining things, but he could have sworn that Hannibal even moved differently. Maybe his cat-like grace and fluidity simply appeared to be smoother and *feminine* to his overactive imagination.

Was Hannibal even wearing underwear? Will pinched the bridge of his nose in exasperation at himself and where his eyes wandered. *Get a grip, Graham.*

When they finally saw their boat, Will felt part of his tension vanish. He jumped the short distance from the pier over to the deck and on reflex he turned around and extended his hand to help Hannibal over. He froze mid move as he realized what he was doing. Hannibal didn’t need his help. What the fuck was wrong with him.

Before he could retract his arm though, Hannibal laid his palm into his outstretched hand and let himself be helped on board, the other hand hitching the fabric higher up his thigh to accommodate the wide step.

Will felt dizzy as he stared at the revealed skin of his inner thigh.

Hannibal didn’t release his hand immediately and suddenly they stood so close to each other that their linked hands were the only thing between their chests.

Hannibal’s eyes were soft and the humor had been replaced by something unreadable. A gentle look hiding whatever went on his head.

Will needed distance to sort out the reason for his stuttering heartbeat and hitching breath.

He carefully stepped back and placed Hannibal’s hand slowly back to his side so as not to appear rude or disgusted.

“I’m gonna start up the engine and set course,” he murmured.

Hannibal just nodded and vanished under deck. His bare feet caused a soft padding sound on the smooth wood and Will heard it echo in his head long after the man was out of sight. He took a deep breath, taking in the salty and fresh air of the sea. He needed time to analyze his reactions to what had just happened and he couldn’t wait to see Hannibal back in his pants and shirts.

Will's mind was buzzing with a low static as he prepared the boat and programmed their course. The tumbling mess of shock, attraction, denial and low simmering arousal was hard to sort through. Will was a master at denial and ignorance as he'd proved for years resisting Hannibal's lure, but this time he felt it hard to do what he always did.

Once he had everything set and their little boat cut smoothly through the waves on its way towards the endless stretch of Atlantic Ocean, Will composed himself. He still didn't know what to do. Knowing Hannibal though, he doubted that he had to do anything. He'd just have to wait for Hannibal to coax out what was simmering below his surface.

He closed his eyes and tilted his face towards the hot sun, letting it smooth heat all over his skin, while the wind tore at his hair. Under the red fiery shine behind his eyelids he saw Hannibal in his dress, leaning against the railing, casually, alluring like a siren. It stole Will's breath. Sweat broke out all over his body and with sudden urgency he got out of the sweater. The cool airstream was a relief as it grazed over his body.

He opened his eyes again and looked over the empty deck. Some seagulls shouted from the sky, but otherwise everything was drowned out by the loud roar of the engine and the splashes of the water under the keel. He suddenly felt alone and the familiar ache got him to move towards the stairs, trusting the autopilot to guide the vessel back to their home. It would take them at least six hours to arrive, way into the night.

He descended into the sudden darkness and stopped at the bottom step of the small staircase. *Of course* Hannibal hadn't changed into slacks and shirt. He still was barefoot and the only change was the white apron he wore over the black dress and the once again slicked back hair. It took some of the softness away and made the vertigo of the vulnerability that came with wearing a dress an even bigger contrast to who the man actually was.

Maybe that's what had Will so fascinated - the absolute disparity of who Hannibal was and how he suddenly appeared. Will felt his heartbeat quicken as he let his gaze roam over the sensual curve of Hannibal's back down to his ass. The bow of the apron sat right on top of it and the two low hanging ends grazed the sharply outlined crack between his ass cheeks. Will felt the heat rise in his core and he was glad he'd gotten out of the sweater.

"You haven't changed back," he finally said as it became clear that Hannibal would pretend to be immersed in his cooking preparations while being fully aware of Will standing there and staring at him.

"Does that bother you?" he asked nonchalantly. Will looked closer as he heard the slight influx of tension in Hannibal's accented voice.

Hannibal really seemed to think there was a chance Will might be repulsed by it or at the very least not like it. He wanted to poke Will, but was afraid he might poke too hard with something sharp. The possibility of Will leaving him still seemed to be something he feared.

Or... or maybe this was something Hannibal had done before, and he was currently revealing something to him that he had never showed to anyone before. If that was the case even someone as sure of himself as Hannibal wasn't immune to the fear of rejection from a person who *mattered*.

Will stepped forward with determination and he could almost taste the rise of Hannibal's tension on his tongue. He stopped right behind the man and before Hannibal could turn around he placed his slightly damp palm right between Hannibal's shoulder blades in a gentle touch.

There was a hitch in Hannibal's breath as Will touched him with more than a passing brush of an arm in what was probably months, since they had healed enough to care for their own wounds. He felt the strong back muscles jump under his fingers as Hannibal pretended to be calm. The black material was soft under his fingertips.

"It feels nice," he said softly with a hushed voice.

Hannibal relaxed with a suddenness that he almost sagged forwards. He hid it by reaching out to an empty bowl to fill it with whatever he'd been cutting. Will smelt the sharp tang of rosemary.

"It does indeed. I decided it was preferable to my slacks with how stifling the air is down here." He almost sounded back to normal and Will smiled for a moment.

Will hummed and let his palm glide the tiniest bit down Hannibal's back.

"Have you done this before?"

There was a slight hesitation and Will wondered if they'd start a cat and mouse game with questions and obscure meanings right now.

"No, I've never felt the desire to wear dresses and skirts."

Relieved at the straightforwardness of Hannibal's answer, Will tilted his head in consideration, taking in everything he knew about the killer in front of him and placed another puzzle piece into the huge fresco that was Hannibal Lecter.

"For you, clothes are like a disguise to broadcast the person you are currently portraying to the outside world. You commit a hundred percent to it." Will could see it perfectly. Hannibal sitting in his three piece suits at his dinner table. Alone. Still in his role. Never letting the mask slip and entirely happy with it. "Have you ever worn clothes because you liked them and not because they fit to the game you were currently playing?"

"I have never worn clothes I don't like," he said and Will huffed.

"Have you ever worn clothes foremost out of your own desire and not because they fit a role?" he tried again.

Hannibal tilted his head in consideration and Will started to slowly stroke up and down Hannibal's back in a soothing rhythm. He had no idea why he did it. It just felt like something that suddenly was okay, since Hannibal was standing in front of him wearing a dress. It helped that he wasn't looking at Will with those intense whiskey colored eyes.

"Mostly between two chapters of my life. When I was still deciding what to do next and where to go."

Will stepped closer so that there was barely a foot between them and he strengthened the pressure of his palm. He could feel Hannibal lean back into his touch and felt emboldened as he let his hand slip down to where the bow of the apron sat on the bend of his back over the swell of his firm ass cheeks. It was an amazing ass and the way the tight dress hugged its form was almost obscene.

He could feel his cock fill out and Will decided that yes, he definitely might have developed an interest in not only Hannibal's mind, but also his body. He wasn't the least bit surprised, although he should probably pause to wonder why it took Hannibal wearing a dress to finally slap him awake.

He decided not to pause.

"Are you now? Between two chapters?" His voice had dropped low and Will felt heat pooling in his stomach.

Hannibal straightened; the ingredients in front of him forgotten. He slowly turned around, careful not to dislodge Will's hand where it was placed on his body. He stopped when they were face to face and Will tightened his grip on his side. His fingers dug into the soft flesh he felt under the dress.

Will could feel the deep breath Hannibal took as their eyes met.

"I think my current chapter started on a certain cliff," he murmured softly. His eyes flitted down to Will's lips and further down to his naked chest for the split of a second and goosebumps spread over his skin at the barely concealed hunger he saw in them, but Hannibal's arms stayed limp at his sides.

Will smiled. His heart seemed to beat in an uneven rhythm with Hannibal being so very close. There were deep laugh lines around his eyes and on the side of his nose, buried deep into his tanned skin just like the scars standing out as lighter patches. He could smell Hannibal with every breath he took, the warm air heavy with their shared scent.

He felt a bead of sweat running down between his shoulder blades, tickling down his spine and he wasn't sure if it was the general heat of the small cabin or the fire flickering through his veins at Hannibal's proximity.

"Good," he finally said, his throat tight with some unnamed emotion. Hannibal was *his*.

He reached out with his other hand and placed it right over Hannibal's heart, fingertips grazing the edge of the apron. He wished he could feel the dress.

"May I ask a question?" Hannibal's voice sounded curious, but Will heard the tension in it.

Will looked up and their eyes met. For a moment everything stood still, the boat working its way over waves the only thing moving.

"No, I've never felt attracted to men wearing dresses and it's not the only reason for my attraction to you. You could probably start psychoanalyzing me and how it took you

appealing to my masculinity by appearing more feminine to get over the initial reluctance of admitting said attraction, but you won't, right?"

They both stared at each other and held their breath.

"Will..."

Hannibal sounded so lost and Will couldn't take it anymore. He leaned in and pressed a soft and dry kiss to Hannibal's parted lips.

He drew back, shocked with himself and his audacity. Hannibal seemed frozen and in some state of stupor.

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have assumed..." the words ended when warm lips shut him up again. He made a low sound in his throat, his hands gripping tight around a fistful of apron and what lay beneath.

Hannibal stepped forwards and pressed his chest against Will's and his hands finally found their way to Will's sides, two careful points of contact against his sweaty skin. They felt like a branding.

Hannibal broke their soft kiss after a few moments.

His lips were parted and his eyes wide and he looked as if he didn't know if he was awake or dreaming. Will still had difficulties in believing how thoroughly this impossible man had fallen for him. He swallowed hard when the thought caused a twisted surge of triumph to sear through him. The urge to claim and maul and bite until his mouth was dripping with blood passed and left a low simmering prickling feeling in his guts.

"How urgently do you need to make dinner right now?" he asked, his voice low and rough.

In response, Hannibal withdrew his hands. He reached behind himself to loosen the apron and lift it over his head. It was with reluctance that Will unclenched his hands to let him pull it off.

The garment dropped to the floor in an unusual display of sloppiness, but before Will could find amusement over it he was pushed back by a strong hand on his chest. With the broad palm spread over his breastbone they made their way towards the tiny room with their shared bed. It was big enough that they had slept in it without ever invading their personal space, but Will had the feeling that this would change from now on.

He looked his fill of Hannibal in front of him and his arousal sparked against his spine in almost painful bursts. The smooth and deadly predator wore the dress like it was his second skin, muscles in his legs and arms tensed and ready to pounce.

Will's legs hit the hard wooden edge of the bed and he sat down with a huff, staring up the long body in front of him. Hannibal seemed to be happy to just stand there now, hands at his side, eyes roaming over the picture of Will on their bed.

For a moment neither of them moved, both seemingly stunned at how they got here and how to move forward now. When Will couldn't take it anymore, he reached out and placed his hands on Hannibal's hips, taking a hold of his soft love handles and drew him between his knees. He leaned forward and pressed his nose against the prominent stomach, nuzzling the soft material and flesh underneath, breathing in deeply the scent of the man permeating the foreign smell of the dress.

He let his hands drift lower over tapered hips and long thighs until he felt warm skin. He stopped there, fingertips grazing the back of Hannibal's thighs and Will looked up, finding heat and longing in Hannibal's eyes.

"You can touch me, you know? It's okay. This isn't just for me and my curiosity. I want this. I want you."

Hannibal's eyes snapped shut and he drew in a sharp breath through flared nostrils. When he opened them again, he lifted his hands and buried them in Will's curls, fingers threading through his strands. Will gripped behind Hannibal's knees and drew him forward. Hannibal lifted his leg and knelt next to Will's hips and a moment later he had a lap full of a heavy cannibal.

Will wound his arms around the broad back and tightened his hold until there was no space between their chests. The soft material rubbed deliciously against his skin and Will swallowed a moan. Hannibal had sat down right over the ridge of Will's hardening cock and tightened the hold of his thighs around Will's hips. He groaned at the pressure before hot and moist lips found his mouth and then they were kissing for real.

Will opened his mouth to Hannibal's searching tongue and the small sound he got when their tongues touched for the first time resonated through his bone marrow. He swallowed it greedily, sucking the tongue deeper into his mouth, his teeth scraping over soft tissue. He felt ravenous.

His hands fell to Hannibal's ass to grip the firm cheeks hard. He arched upwards to press their hips together with force and feeling the answering hardness had him light headed and dizzy.

He let his hands wander while their kiss lost some of its frenzy, turning into a gentle and deep exploration of each other's mouths. Hannibal's hands hadn't stopped stroking through his hair for a second and the softness of the touch on his scalp sent tingling currents to Will's groin.

His right hand dropped lower to stroke down Hannibal's thigh and he felt the seam of the dress that had ridden up with Hannibal's legs being spread around Will's hips. He explored the edge with his fingertips before letting them glide under the fabric to feel the warm skin of the back of Hannibal's thigh. The intimacy of the touch stole his breath and Will had to break the kiss to get oxygen into his lungs.

Hannibal's hands cupped his jaw, thumbs stroking his cheeks, fingertips burning traces behind his ears. His hot breath ghosted over Will's lips for a moment before he started kissing

his cheek, up to his cheekbone and then down to his ear and jaw. The hand dropped down to his bare collarbone to rest there.

Will's palm slid further up Hannibal's thigh and when his fingertips met lace, he cursed loudly. "Fuck, Hannibal."

He opened his eyes again and found himself captured in the intense stare of soft brown eyes. He tore his gaze away and looked down where his hand had bunched the dress higher up a tanned thigh. Clearly visible was the delicate edge of black lace panties. His breath stuck in his throat and his head fell forwards against Hannibal's broad chest with a groan. He stared down to where his palm rested on the bared thigh.

The fire burning in his lower body became unbearable and with a swift motion he leaned back and took Hannibal with him before he rolled them over and pinned Hannibal to the bed with his weight. Hannibal shifted under him before he went lax, arms thudding to his side and knees falling to the side to make room for Will above him. He looked like an offering.

Will took a deep steadying breath and leaned back until he knelt between spread legs, his knees on both sides of slim hips and Hannibal's legs draped over Will's thighs. Hannibal's chest moved with deep and rapid breaths and Will's eyes raked over every inch of his torso, his tense pectorals, erect nipples pressing against the dress, and his quivering stomach. The dress had bunched up further and Will could now see glimpses of what lay beneath the fabric.

When Hannibal didn't make any move, just laid there and waited for Will to do something, he put his hands on Hannibal's knees and let his hands slip down the slope of muscled legs until his hands ended up shoving the dress further up over his hips to expose the delicate fabric of the panties.

His breath shook as he uncovered the prominent line of the rigid cock pushing against the almost transparent lace. A dark spot showed where precome had soaked through it.

It suddenly drove home what they were about to do and he froze. His sexual experience was rudimentary at best and even less so with men. He swallowed hard as he tried to think through the arousal making his cock throb.

Hannibal must have realized that he was close to fleeing the scene and wrapped his long legs around Will's hips to draw him close and back on top of him. Strong arms wrapped around his back and with a huff, Will let himself be dragged forward until he was resting back on top of Hannibal.

Their bodies lined up perfectly and when their cocks pressed together, the spark of arousal made him buck down against the firm line of heat. Hannibal arched up to capture his mouth in a heated kiss and for a few moments they got lost in the taste and feel of their lips and tongues. .

"We don't have to do anything you don't want," Hannibal finally murmured against his mouth after a while.

Will snorted and nipped at plush lips, grinding his pelvis down into Hannibal. The man's answering groan sent a spark along his spine. "I'm quite sure it's established that I want this."

Hannibal's brilliant smile caused a flush to spread over Will's face and down his chest like liquid heat. Sure hands moved firmly down Will's back until they met the belt of his pants.

"May I?"

Will swallowed and nodded. He bent his head down to nose under Hannibal's jaw and mouth at heated skin while he lifted his hips to allow the man to open his pants and shove them down his thighs together with his underwear.

A broad hand gripped his ass to pull him back down and he almost came the moment his hard and leaking cock made contact with the lace and the dripping head got pressed into the soft folds of the dress.

"Fuck," he hissed before clamping his teeth around a mouthful of Hannibal's neck in an attempt to hold back his orgasm.

Both of Hannibal's hands found their way to his ass while his legs tightened their hold on his hips. Will's cock nestled between Hannibal's cock and his thigh and with a soft sound he clenched his ass and started to move.

The friction was almost unbearable for a moment, but Hannibal nosing the side of his face distracted him from the urgency deep in his guts. Will looked up to find himself kissed again, hot lips and a hot tongue moving against his.

They found a careful rhythm of thrusting and rutting against each other, their cocks sliding against each other only separated by the lace. One of Hannibal's hands vanished from his ass and Will broke the kiss when he felt it work its way between their bodies. He realized what he was doing when the soft fabric was suddenly gone and their slippery and hot cocks touched and Hannibal's large hand wrapped around them both.

Will's eyes rolled back into his head and the sound pressed out of his chest got swallowed by a hot mouth and sharp teeth.

His orgasm built quickly now, their movements turning frantic. There were sounds spilling out of Hannibal's mouth, half formed words and Will's name in a constant flow. His eyes were locked on Will's face, not letting him out of his sight for even a moment. Will's mouth fell open as his guts tightened almost painfully, spots dancing behind his eyelids, before his body locked up and he came with a low groan, hips twitching.

Hannibal's nostrils flared and a few seconds later he followed Will over the edge.

Will collapsed as Hannibal went limp under him and they laid there panting and gasping for air. He pressed his face into the crook of Hannibal's neck, feeling the man's racing pulse

against his forehead. Strong arms wrapped around his back, just holding him until their breaths turned back to normal.

His mind was blissfully empty and a comfortable tiredness made his limbs heavy. Will knew he could just fall asleep here like that, held and safe. That is until the come drying against his skin started to cool down and itch.

His attempt to shift off Hannibal's body was thwarted by tightening arms.

Will hid his smile against a collarbone.

"I think I am in need of a shower. We both are."

The reply was a low hum and Will finally lifted his head to look down at Hannibal. He looked utterly blissful and at peace. His eyes were closed and a soft smile played around his red and swollen lips.

Will snorted fondly and he lifted his hand to trace the contours of the remarkable face with his fingers. Maroon eyes opened and stared up to him. They were moist.

"We ruined the dress," Will said in an attempt to ignore the burning emotion squeezing his heart tightly.

"I can get others, if you want."

Will's mind helpfully provided images of Hannibal in wide summer dresses playing around lean legs, thin spaghetti straps over his shoulders, pastel coloured panties underneath. He swallowed hard and Hannibal's eyes glinted knowingly.

"It is alright, Will. This dress was surprisingly comfortable and I am no slave to the notions of what is appropriate for males or females."

He leaned up to press a soft kiss to Will's slack mouth. "It would be my pleasure to discover this together with you, if you are amenable to it."

Will let out a sound that was supposed to convey his agreement, but it came out as a strangled helpless noise. He'd always thought that the murder part of their lives would be the thing most challenging. He should have known that Hannibal would always manage to turn even the most mundane thing into a crazy trip outside of all conventions and norms.

"Fuck," he whispered with a resigned groan and dropped his head back down to Hannibal's shoulder. He could feel the broad smile against the side of his head and couldn't help his own answering grin.

End Notes

A big thank you to the Knitting Circle for the inspirations and for talking me through the hardest parts and pushing me relentlessly to finish this piece :3

Works inspired by this one

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!